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STILL APOLOGIZING.

IT IS NOT WORTH WHILE for any newspaper to lose its temper over any discussion. The newspaper that cannot control its passion is so often led into making absurd misstatements that people soon begin to doubt everything it says. Many a reputation for sterling integrity has been sacrificed by this failing. The Herald's West Temple street contemporary furnishes the latest example. Yesterday morning it said:

After taking a day or two off to catch their breath, the hangers of this city who would persuade the people of this mountain region that this is a lawless place, a dangerous city to visit, have renewed their attack. There is not the ghost of a fact to base their assaults upon. The whole matter is a mere political game. A despicable political game; its animus is patent in the charges of bad faith against the Republican city administration. The fact that this public outcry comes exclusively from Democratic sources, clinches the proposition that this outcry is not a mere political dodge. What are the facts? A short while back Sunday liquor selling was open, notorious, and so far as we can see is a despicable political game. If there is any it is disguised, concealed, the flagrant notoriety of it has been banished. At the same time, the charges of gambling, there is not the slightest evidence that there has been any increase; certainly there is no notoriety about it; save the hue and cry made for political purposes.

Every Salt Lake who is even casually familiar with municipal affairs knows that there is no solitary word of truth in the above quotation. A short time ago Sunday liquor selling was not open and notorious. Two weeks before the last city election every whisky shop in Salt Lake was closed on Sunday. This condition of affairs existed until about three weeks ago. Then a tip was passed around that the law might be evaded with impunity. It was violated. Yesterday there wasn't a single saloon in Salt Lake that wasn't selling liquor without the slightest pretense at concealment, if its proprietor desired to do so.

Rear and side doors throughout the business district were wide open. Policemen patrolling their beats saw men going in and coming out. They knew as well as they knew the sun shone that the law was being violated; they knew that, to enforce the law, it was only necessary to notify the proprietors that they would be arrested if they continued their unlawful practice. No such notice was given. Was the Sunday saloon law openly and notoriously violated yesterday? The Herald refers its contemporary to any man who walked on Main or Second South streets yesterday afternoon.

As to gambling. A few weeks ago Mayor Thompson held up his hands to high heaven and protested that so long as inhumanity existed between him and Mr. Hilton, then chief of police, the city would be at the mercy of all law-breakers. At that time not a single public gambling house was open in the city. Very well. Mayor Thompson was taken at his word. Hilton resigned and Paul was appointed in his place. Almost immediately gambling houses were opened. They soon became so numerous and so diffused that Chief Paul ordered them closed. The order was promptly obeyed, for your gambler is a timorous individual, who doesn't like the glare of the searchlight.

Public gambling was suppressed absolutely for a few weeks. Within the last five or six days it has been resumed with more brazen openness than ever. Saturday night Chief Paul, after pretesting vigorously his ignorance of plain facts, sent word to the gamblers that they must close their houses. It was taken for granted by both gamblers and people that the order would be in full force and effect for a few weeks at least. Yesterday it developed that the chief only meant that the gamblers should not break the Sabbath. What a mockery! It reminds one of the man who was arrested in Texas for Sabbath-breaking because he killed a man on Sunday.

Chief Paul betrayed his knowledge of law-breaking by his message to the offenders. Just by way of showing their contempt for him at least one, and possibly other, gambling houses on Commercial street were open yesterday in full blast. And still the Daily Apology of West Temple street says its chief of police doesn't know what he is talking about, that there is not the slightest evidence that there has been any increase in gambling.

It is hardly necessary for The Herald to reply to the charge that its attack on law-breaking is inspired by politics. Its West Temple street contemporary may be made of such petty stuff, but The Herald is not. If the Democrats were in power, or, rather, if the Democrats had turned the city over to the saloonkeepers and the gamblers, The Herald would denounce them with all the vigor it could command. In the meanwhile the Tribune is deceiving nobody, not even itself, with its Pharisaical pleadings.

NO WOMEN IN HEAVEN?

A. D. KINSMAN, a Bible student of Erie, Pa., has recently made the somewhat startling assertion that there are no women in heaven. Mr. Kinsman also believes that women do not go to hell. He doesn't know exactly where they do go after death, but it is his belief that they are annihilated; that they go to some place not mentioned in the Bible; that they go to heaven sexless or become men after arriving there. The student isn't willing to be pinned down closely to any of these propositions, except that women, as women, don't go to the land of the blessed.

Further, he claims that a careful scrutiny of the Bible bears him out in his theory. He says no mention is

anywhere made of women angels and plenty of mention is made of men angels. Mr. Kinsman is likely to get himself very much disliked by the women of his acquaintance. He is also in a fair way to make heaven a mighty unpopular locality. Very few men would yearn a little bit to go to heaven if they were sure they wouldn't see any women there.

But does the Bible bear out the Mr. Kinsman's theory that women don't go to heaven? It is true that women angels are not mentioned, but that is probably because the women in heaven, like the women on earth, are too modest, too self-effacing to worry their way into the record. The Apostle Paul wasn't overly fond of women, but he says, in his epistle to the Hebrews: "Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." Doesn't resurrection, in this instance, mean heaven? Else why should the women submit to torture for the sake of their religion?

And, following that, we find in the twentieth chapter of Revelation, fourth verse: "And I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and the word of God and which had not worshipped the beast . . . and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." Why didn't John say he saw the souls of men, if men only go to heaven? How simple it would have been for Christ to explain to the man who wanted to know which of seven would be a woman's husband in heaven that no women went to heaven. Instead, he said that there was no marrying or giving in marriage in that other land.

Verily, Mr. Kinsman must make out a better case before he can hope to gain many followers.

AMERICAN SHIPBUILDING.

ADVOCATES OF THE ship subsidy bill are entitled to all the comfort they can get out of a bulletin just issued by the census department on "Shipbuilding." The figures go to show that there can't possibly be any profit in building ships in the United States, because so many of them are being constructed every year. It is the old principle of the Hebrew gentleman who, when asked how he could continue in business and sell goods below cost, replied: "By selling a great many of them."

The census report is a disillusionizer. Its opening paragraph reads: "The growth of the shipbuilding industry in the United States during the past ten years, as shown by the census reports, exceeds that of any preceding decade, and the tonnage constructed during the census year ending May 31, 1900, was greater than during any preceding year in the history of the United States, with the possible exceptions of 1854 and 1855." Although in other countries iron and steel long ago largely superseded wood as the chief material used in the construction of ships, the census statistics show that it was not until the last decade that metal shipbuilding attained proportions greater than wooden. In the private ship yards of the United States.

It is doubtless true, as the census report states, that it will be well along in the next century before American ship yards will be able to turn out enough vessels to carry all of the American foreign trade, but in the meanwhile, the foreign vessels are carrying it quite satisfactorily, and as all our ship yards are crowded to their capacity with work now it is difficult to see how they would be able to do more through a subsidy act. There is a good profit in the business, or so much capital would not be invested in it.

The growth of the industry between 1890 and 1900 is a fair illustration. In the year first named there were 1,006 shipbuilding establishments, representing a capital of \$27,282,892. In 1890 there were 416 such establishments, with a combined capital of \$7,362,701. The aggregate wages and salaries paid to employees of ship yards in 1890 was \$14,278,819. Ten years later the total had grown to \$26,847,700. The value of the output in the same decade increased from \$38,065,410 to \$74,578,135, a net increase, throughout the list, of nearly 100 per cent.

In a speech delivered in the senate on the ship subsidy bill recently, Senator Frye of Maine asserted that shipbuilding in the United States was an infant industry that needed the protection of a special gift from the government. The figures do not bear him out.

Now that Chief Paul has ordered the gambling houses closed on Sunday, so that the gamblers may attend church services, he should complete the good work by closing the saloons on Wednesday evening, so that the bartenders may get a chance to go to prayer meeting.

Rev. John T. Axton thoroughly endorses the president's notion that only athletes should be appointed to army chaplaincies. Mr. Axton is now in training and when the examining board meets he expects to be a physical model.

Former Attorney General Richard Olney says he is not a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. This would seem to leave the field up to date to Henry Watterson. So far Henry has not denied the soft impeachment.

It is believed that the next Fort Hall reservation rush will be a rush to get away—and it will probably be of bigger proportions than the inward rush.

He'll Smile Tomorrow.

New Yorker to visiting Englishman—So the man who advertised to tell you for a dollar the best way to make the least money go the farthest has answered your letter, eh? What does he say? The Englishman (mystified)—He says, "Buy a penny postal card and write on it to some one in the Philippines." Now, how should the aw-blooming people in the Philippines know anything about such financial matters than anybody else?

The Comedy of Pretense.

Eleanor—What made you give up society, Edith? Edith—Oh! I got so tired of seeing people who are nobody trying to act somebody, and people who are somebody acting like nobody.

His Occupation.

"What's yer daddy a-doin' these days?" "Well, when he ain't a-fishin' he's a-lyin' anyhow."

WATTERSON'S ATTACK ON GROVER CLEVELAND

Refers to His Presence at Tilden Club Banquet as "A Death's Head at the Feast."

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY is not so rich, either in leadership or in position of strategic advantage that it can afford to reject good counsels from any quarter; but surely it has the right to draw the line on Grover Cleveland. To Mr. Cleveland's insufficiency, to use no harsher term, it owes its undoing. To claim that he is the one man who has led it to national victory in forty years falls to the ground when it is recalled that in 1884, and the election by a doubtful margin in the state of New York, which he had carried the year before by nearly 200,000; that in 1888 he lost the election through his fatuous vanity and self-confidence, and that in 1892 the Homestead, which transferred the vote of the labor unions bodily from the Republicans to the Democrats, made the defeat of the Democratic ticket impossible.

Destined to Be President.

One star at least shone over Mr. Cleveland's cradle. He was born in luck, and he was destined to be president. Mr. Cleveland's political stock in trade, his party trademark, so to say, since his tariff measure of 1887, is the pretension that he has been, par excellence, true to the recognized tenets of revenue reform. As far as he understood them, he was first to last false to them. If Mr. Gorman and Mr. Carlisle could be put on the stand and be compelled to answer, they would relate that within ten days after Mr. Cleveland's election to the presidency, he had identified himself with the free trade wing of the party, and it was a matter of record that he sent Gorman and Scott to St. Louis in 1891 with a dried platform, ignoring his own message, ignoring the Mills bill, then before congress, and repeating the straddle which, with General Butler on one flank and Mr. Randall on our back, we had been forced to make at Chicago in 1884.

But the story does not find here, for it is also of record that in 1892 Mr. Cleveland sent seven members of his former cabinet to the Homestead to work for a nomination he pretended not to seek, but again to put him on a cut and dried platform embodying as good protectionist gospel as the Republicans themselves could reasonably desire; a platform so had from the Democratic point of view that the convention rose upon its hind legs and pitched it out, on the spur of the moment adopting a tariff plank of its own. He sought the letter of acceptance to qualify this tariff plank of the platform on which the convention that nominated him had placed him—there are those who say he did qualify it; but it is certain that once again in the White House, he turned his back upon the tariff, sending it to the rear, and brought the money question to the front, precipitating a raucous and ruinous party fight, so that finally, when he reached the tariff, the party was out at elbow and literally all fingers and thumbs.

Then, obliged to do something, he caused a tariff bill to be prepared, not according to the instruction of the platform on which he had been elected, not in conformity to the hopes and pledges of his party, but a ringed, streaked and striped measure of quasi-protection doomed in advance to hopeless inglorious defeat. That at the last he refused to sign the act which came to him as the result of his own bungling. Still juggling as a revenue reformer, he would have been amusing if the situation had been less tragical, and was in the highest degree grotesque.

Those who know him will not deny to Mr. Cleveland a personality all his own. He is a man of great force of will and dominancy of character. Democrats have a superstition in regard to what is called "Jacksonian firmness." Courage, indeed, is a popular attribute with all classes of the people. Mr. Cleveland has gained largely in popular favor by reason of the reputation of a sturdiness and integrity which his panegyrists have assiduously cultivated. Neither his honesty nor his hardihood need be gainsaid in order to prove his deficiency as a party leader—though both have been most violently assailed—and, having no personal ill will to gratify at his expense, we shall not stop to inquire where the trophies of either may be on exhibition. It is enough to declare that at the last found that party what Mr. Tilden had made of it, a moral unit; a great, compact body of fighting men, and that, having twice betrayed it—we will not say consciously betrayed it—for his own

have even more color than was usual. "Well," said Mrs. Henniker, "why don't you look at your plate instead of looking at me?"

Henniker looked at his plate, and beside it was a square package with an inscription. It doesn't matter what the inscription was, but it assured him that the package was his. He opened it, and after unrolling a large quantity of tissue paper discovered a nice light green pipe case and within the case a white meerschaum pipe.

Henniker acted very well. His expressed rapture was beyond cavil, and he went straight to his tobacco jar, and could hardly be prevailed upon to wait until he had eaten his breakfast before he had smoked his present. When he did, his wife stood by his chair and watched the filling and lighting with breathless interest. With the first puff of smoke, Henniker exhaled a sigh of supreme satisfaction. "Then you like it, dear?" "Like it!" exclaimed Henniker. "Well!"

"I wasn't sure whether you would, because, of course, I never did such a thing as to buy a pipe before; but I knew anyway that whatever I got, it would have been an improvement on that thing my poor boy has been smoking."

Henniker sighed again. "This," he said, "is a pipe as is a pipe." It burned his tongue, and it made the tobacco taste like wood shavings, but he might have been smoking a choice brand of hashish to all appearances. When he started for the office he filled the pipe again and smoked it until he was out of the house. Then he put it carefully in its case and filled the old briar.

It was not very hard for him to begin smoking the meerschaum again when he returned that evening. If it had been Mrs. Henniker's delighted smile, would have been compensated enough. But it was rather hard for him to smoke it in the big arm chair after dinner. That was the particular time of all times when the old briar was desired by his soul. Presently a bright idea occurred to him. "Milly," he said, "I have a thought. I want to sort of consecrate this beautiful pipe of yours to this day. It is the anniversary of my birth. I shall put it away in my treasure drawer for the rest of the year, and we will sit together and remember this evening as I smoke it. I won't take any risk of breaking it by smoking it

on ordinary days. It's too fine for every day."

"Nothing is too fine for you, Tom," said his wife. "It was a beautiful thought, and just like you, but I shall feel hurt if you don't smoke it all the time."

Of course there was nothing to be said after that. Henniker thought he would better make up his mind to make the best of it, and that perhaps after all the meerschaum would improve in case of time. He did not tell her how it burned his tongue. The bore of it was wrong, and he was afraid to try to enlarge it for fear of splitting the amber. So he smoked the old briar surreptitiously. The duplicity of the thing poisoned his existence and made him toss in his sleep so that Mrs. Henniker suspected business troubles and worried, too.

The day as Henniker was filling the meerschaum, its shining surface slipped through his fingers and it fell. With a quick movement he stooped and caught it before it reached the ground, but he trembled to think of the nearness of the disaster. What if he had broken it!

THE EXPLANATION.

(Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.) (The following poem by Kuykendall Rippling, comes to the Commercial Tribune by wireless pneumatic tube from London, via Cape Town, Ceylon, Siam, Portland, Lincoln, Neb.; Kalmazoo, Mich., and Depueville, Ind.—Copyright not yet applied for. Right of dramatization reserved by Hall Crane. Transposers, beware!)

Ye have harked to my heart-to-heart sermons; have noted the knocks that I gave. Ye have shaken your heads when I trumpeted truth—to do it I surely was bled in the struggle with the bad. And now, as the bloody-jawed lion rests after his dinner of boar, Ye step up the national ledger and foot up the ultimate score!

The army is shy many legions, the treasury out many "dolls." While the toll that ye paid in money and men is proof that the Roer's no slop; But in counting up the column of figures, whatever the finish may be, Remember I showed up your grievous faults—ye've got to give credit to ME!

I called you weird names that I made up; I harried you well with my tongue. And some of you thought I was vicious, and some of you wished I was hung; But Kitchener, silent and sanguine, knew ye were valiant, and the korymb, as well as the flag that we love!

So I dragged forth your faults as I found them, I stated just where you were weak. I hammered your love for athletic—for this is your yellowest streak; And when I had finished the lesson, ye gave up the sports that were wrong. And turned, as one man, to the ladylike (ad-the pulsating game of ping-pong.

Ye played it for breakfast and supper, for dinner, and tea, and in bed; Ye played in a manner that proved beyond doubt your grace and your skill were not dead. And see what your legions have landed! Peace comes as a tremulous dove To rest on your valiant and the korymb, as well as the flag that we love!

Ye have harked to my heart-to-heart sermons, have noted the knocks that I gave. Ye have thought that your Ruddy was daffy, and wished you could make him behave; But do not forget to remember to place the full credit where due? For ping-pong and I brought the war to an end—and that's mighty lucky for you.

ADVICE TO NERVOUS PEOPLE.

Systematic Rest, Massage and Proper Diet Will Work Wonders. (Pilgrim.)

Schule, writing on mental diseases, asks: "Is there any foundation to blame for this neurotic condition?" and the answer is in the affirmative. How can nutrition prosper in the body where malnutrition holds full sway? And how can the body be healthy and healthy when worry dominates their lives? For in this human being the lower officers of the nervous hierarchy draw their very breath at the bidding of the higher powers, and the relation is very reciprocal, for to keep the brain healthy the unconscious nervous functions must be kept in good shape, proper activities alternating with wisely arranged periods of repose.

Just as soon as one notices the approach of nervous irritability, systematic nerve rest will shorten an attack, and by rest, I mean to have the patient go to bed and have massage. The amount of exercise undergone in a good scientific massage is equal to a walk of two or three miles a day, and it goes without saying that such passive exercise should increase the appetite, and the food digested and enjoyed will be well digested and assimilated. I use the word "enjoy" deliberately, because there are some nervous invalids who cannot enjoy their food unless in solitude. In addition to the massage I would recommend salt rubs, which are very easy to give. Have a saturated solution of common table salt, rub the body briskly, especially from the spine outward toward the sides of the body, and as soon as the skin is well reddened, wash off with moderately cool water, and the chances are all in favor of restful condition. In case persons suffer from cold feet at night, I could advise the bathing of the feet in cold water before going to bed, and having a hot water bag along to warm the feet.

Lettuce, celery, spinach, onions, are all vegetables especially valuable to a person of nervous temperament, and milk, hot and cold, is invaluable.

Treatment.

(Life.) Once on a time there was a man who lived to eat until he was in a pitiable condition and sought medical advice. The man was quite confident at first, but when the doctor had removed about all his viscera, and still he was no better, he lost heart.

"Of course I'm doomed!" he exclaimed, dejectedly. "It's a cinch! I've nothing else to eat out of my stomach." The doctors were nettled at this. "How silly you talk!" said they, severely. "Our treatment hitherto has been merely diagnostic, and in no sense therapeutic. We are now in a position to decide what is the exact nature of your case is the green searchlight with buff trimmings. But we cannot cure you unless you remain cheerful. A mental incubus will set at naught the best medical skill."

The man acknowledged the justice of the rebuke and took fresh courage.

The Lost Needle.

(Chicago Tribune.) Twenty-seven years ago Mrs. Samantha Ambergis, a quiet, modest seamstress residing in Walnut Grove, Ill., was sewing a button on her husband's trousers. Having occasion to thread a needle, she held it between her lips while she looked for a spool of thread. Just then she sneezed violently and the needle disappeared; nor could she find it after the most prolonged search.

The incident passed entirely out of her mind. One day last week, however, Mrs. Ambergis, who is now an elderly woman, felt a tingling sensation in the middle finger of her left hand. She looked at the finger and saw something small and sharp protruding from the skin. Applying a body dresser, she pulled it out. It proved to be a splinter she had accidentally run into her finger the day before while cleaning house.

A Pretty Price Sign.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.) "Does she sing as if she had had her voice cultivated?" "Oh, yes, I couldn't understand a word she said."

INVOLUTION OF THE PANAMA HAT

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.) When Cholly dons a S. a. m. His Cholly Panama.



Its shape is just a perfect gem— You cannot find a flaw.



10 A. M. But when the sun grows warm at 10, He tilts the front brim downward then, The contour slightly spilling.



12 NOON. Is that the hat at noon ye saw? An heat grows more intense That thirty-dollar Panama man Resembles thirty cents.



3 P. M. Is that the hat at noon ye saw? An heat grows more intense That thirty-dollar Panama man Resembles thirty cents.



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Saltair Beach.

Leave Salt Lake. Arrive Salt Lake.

10:30 a. m. 1:30 p. m.

2:20 p. m. 4:50 p. m.

4:20 p. m. 7:15 p. m.

6:20 p. m. 9:00 p. m.

7:40 p. m. 11:00 p. m.

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